

*The Comicall Historie of*

To urge the thing held as a ceremony :  
*Nerrissa* teaches me what to beleewe,  
 Ile die for't, but some woman had the Ring.

*Bass.* No by my honour Madam, by my soule  
 No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,  
 Which did refuse three thousand Ducats of me,  
 And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,  
 And suffered him to go displeas'd away,  
 Even he that had held up the very life  
 Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady,  
 I was inforc'd to send it after him,  
 I was beset with shame and courtesie,  
 My honour would not let ingratitude  
 So much besmere it : pardon me good Lady,  
 For by these blessed candles of the night,  
 Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd  
 The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

*Por.* Let not that Doctor ere come nere my house,  
 Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,  
 And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,  
 I will become as liberall as you,  
 Ile not deny him any thing I have,  
 No, not my body, nor my husbands bed :  
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.  
 Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,  
 If you do not, if I be left alone,  
 Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,  
 Ile have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his Clarke : therefore be well advis'd,  
 How you do leave me to mine owne protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so : let not me take him then,  
 For if I do, Ile marre the young Clarks Pen.

*Anth.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grive not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,  
 And in the hearing of these many friends  
 I sweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,  
 Wherein I see my selfe.

*Por.* Marke

*the Merchant of Venice.*

*Por.* Marke you but that ;  
 In both mine eyes he doubly sees himselfe :  
 In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,  
 And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but heare me :  
 Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare  
 I never more will breake an oath with thee.

*Anth.* I once did lend my body for his wealth,  
 Which but for him that had your husbands Ring,  
 Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,  
 My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord  
 Will never more breake faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety : give him this,  
 And bid him keep it better then the other.

*Anth.* Here Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keep this Ring.

*Bass.* By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor.

*Por.* I had it of him : pardon me *Bassanio*,  
 For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,  
 For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,  
 In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of high wayes  
 In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough.  
 What are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

*Por.* Speake not so grossly, you are all amaz'd ;  
 Here is a Letter, read it at your leasure,  
 It comes from *Padua* from *Bellarion*,  
 There you shall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,  
*Nerrissa* there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* here  
 Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,  
 And even but now return'd : I have not yet  
 Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,  
 And I have better newes in store for you,  
 Then you expect : unseale this letter soone,  
 There you shall find three of your Argosies,  
 Are richly come to harbour sodainly.  
 You shall not know by what strange accident  
 I chanced on this Letter.

*Anth.*